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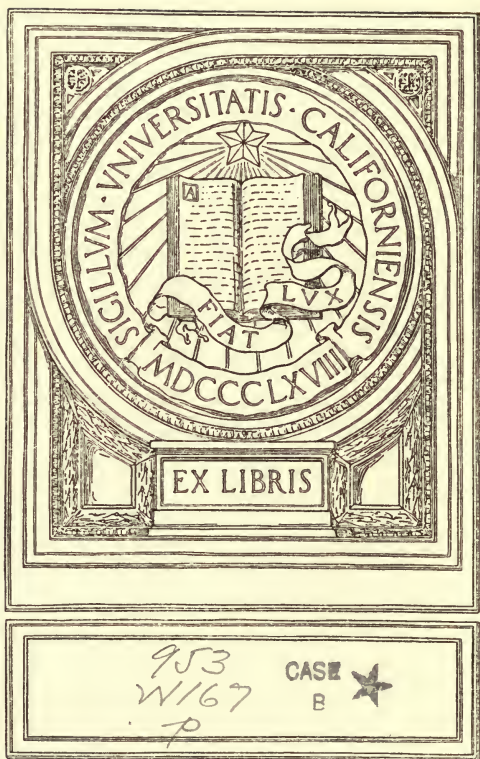


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POCAHONTAS,



AND OTHER POEMS.



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POCAHONTAS,

PRINCESS OF VIRGINIA,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

WILLIAM WATSON WALDRON, A. B.,

TRIN. COLL., DUB.

"The beings of the mind are not of clay ;
Essentially immortal, they create
And multiply in us a brighter ray
And more beloved existence : that which fate
Prohibits to dull life, in this our state
Of mortal bondage, by these spirits supplied,
First exiles then replaces, what we hate ;
Watering the heart whose early flowers have died,
And with a fresher growth replenishing the void."

LORD BYRON.

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.....

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WILLIAM WATSON WALDRON,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern
District of New York.

TO
JACOB LORILLARD, Esq.,
THESE POEMS
ARE INSCRIBED, AS A
SLIGHT TESTIMONY OF ESTEEM AND REGARD,
BY HIS SINCERE FRIEND,
THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

THE author has but a word to say, and that is a word of thanks, to those personal friends whose kindness and encouragement have brought this present volume to the light. If the private friendship and the good will of those whose favor it is an honor to enjoy, can avail anything to support a difficult task with cheerfulness, the author is so cheered and supported in this publication. That the liberality given to the MSS. will also be extended to the book, he has no doubt; and in this good hope, he willingly intrusts his undertaking to the care of his friends.

C O N T E N T S .

	PAGE
POCAHONTAS, PRINCESS OF VIRGINIA, - - - - -	-
CANTO I. - - - - -	13
CANTO II. - - - - -	29
HOUR OF LOVE, - - - - -	45
FROM THE GREEK, - - - - -	ib.
WRECK OF THE LEXINGTON, - - - - -	46
NAPOLEON'S GRAVE, - - - - -	48
WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT ? - - - - -	49
TO SLEEP, - - - - -	51
HYMN, - - - - -	53
QUEEN OF FLOWERS, - - - - -	55
KENILWORTH CASTLE, - - - - -	56
MINSTREL'S LAST LAY, - - - - -	57
LINES ON VIEWING THE INTERMENT OF THE ONLY CHILD OF AN ESTEEMED FRIEND, - - - - -	59
NIAGARA AT MOONLIGHT, - - - - -	64
TO THE EVENING STAR, - - - - -	65
THE OLD YEAR, - - - - -	67
THE CHILD'S GRAVE, - - - - -	68
FROM PETRARCH, - - - - -	72, 73, 74
FAME, - - - - -	75
DREAMS, - - - - -	76
LIFE, - - - - -	77
TO A LADY, - - - - -	78
LAST DAY OF THE YEAR, - - - - -	81
TO A HOLY BIBLE, - - - - -	82
TO A FRIEND, - - - - -	83
KOSCIUSKO'S GARDEN, - - - - -	85
TO THE MEMORY OF A FRIEND, - - - - -	86
TO A FRIEND, - - - - -	88
VISION OF COLUMBUS, - - - - -	91
GRAVE OF ANDRE, - - - - -	92
ON SEEING THE AMERICAN COAST, - - - - -	94
LOSS OF THE PRESIDENT, - - - - -	96
HUMAN LIFE, - - - - -	98
LOVE, - - - - -	100
TIME, - - - - -	ib.
REASON, - - - - -	101
RURAL RETIREMENT, - - - - -	102
DESTINY, - - - - -	103
TO THE SPIRIT OF THE DEEP, - - - - -	104
TO DIANA, - - - - -	106
TO A SLAVE, - - - - -	107
FAREWELL TO MY HARP, - - - - -	ib

POCAHONTAS,

PRINCESS OF VIRGINIA.

THE subject which has been selected for the following poem, (an episode in the early history of Virginia,) is one of such exciting interest, that it should cast a halo around the page which it adorns, and be sufficient of itself to disarm all criticism, with regard to the words wherein it is invested, whether delivered in prose or verse.

Every incident in the brief but glorious career of Pocahontas, is calculated to produce love and admiration, and to reflect the highest honor on the name of woman.

The most memorable event in the life of this princess, and that which has rendered her name immortal, is thus recorded:

After a long consultation among the chiefs, the fate of Captain Smith, (Alcanzor of the poem,) who was the leader of the first colony in Virginia, was decided.

The conclave assumed their silent gravity, and all the preparations for death, agreeable to the custom of savage nations, were made on the banks of the river.

Powhattan gave the fatal signal, and the rude barbarians, with their blood-stained weapons, stood near their king,

silently awaiting the prisoner's last moments. Smith was not destined to perish.

Pocahontas, the beloved and only surviving daughter of the king, rushed forward, fell upon her knees, and, with tears and entreaties, prayed that the victim might be saved. The royal Indian to whom the appeal was made, rejected her suit and commanded her to leave the prisoner to his fate. Frantic at failing in the success of her supplications, Pocahontas threw her arms round the captive's neck, laid her head against his, and scattered her dishevelled and long flowing hair about his shoulders, declaring that she would either perish with or save him.

The Indians, knowing the sternness of Powhattan's character, gasped for breath, fearing lest he would slay his child for taking such a deep interest in the fate of him he considered his deadliest foe.

Human nature is the same in all nations, in all ages.

The war-club dropped from the monarch's hand, his brow relaxed, his heart softened; and, as he raised his courageous daughter to his bosom and kissed away the falling tears, he reversed the decree, and directed that the prisoner should be set at liberty.

It was generally supposed at the time, that the interest which Pocahontas took in the fate of the prisoner was produced by that tender passion, which is found to exist in all states of society, whether savage or civilized; that divine sensation, which, when emanating from a virtuous breast, constitutes our greatest blessing, which leads the heart captive at its will, and is capable of making any sacrifice for the dear object of the affections. Subsequent events proved that such was not the case. The heart of Poca-

hontas was possessed by another, on whom she afterwards bestowed her hand ; this was Mr. Rolfe, (Rodolph of the poem.)

“ I ask no favor in return for what I have done,” said the amiable Princess to Captain Smith. “ The only boon I require is, that I may always live in your memory.”

Cold indeed must be that heart which can review, with hypercritical censure, any attempt, however feeble, to introduce to the world, in a new garb, the lovely heroine of our tale.

Pocahontas is one of those characters, rarely appearing on the theatre of life, which no age can claim, no country appropriate. She is the property of mankind, serving as a beacon to light us on our way, instruct us in our duty, and show us what the human mind is capable of performing when abandoned to its own operations.

In Pocahontas we view the simple child of nature, prompted by her own native virtues alone, discharging the most generous acts of self-devotion, without seeking any reward, other than that arising from a consciousness of acquitting sacred duties.

Unenlightened by revelation, we find her loving her enemies, doing good to those who spitefully used and persecuted her, without knowing that such obligations were imposed on us by “ a teacher come from God.”

It is unnecessary to add any thing more to what is stated respecting our heroine in this brief notice and in the poem, if we except the date of her death, which occurred in England, A. D. 1616.

King Powhattan survived his daughter two years.

When Captain Smith enquired of the aged monarch re-

specting the succession to his crown, he replied: "I am now very old and have seen the death of all my people thrice. Not one of the three generations is now living, and the succession must pass to the families of my brothers and sisters."

Powhattan died, full of years, and was gathered to his fathers, A. D. 1618.

"Two generations now had passed away,
Wise by his rules and happy by his sway ;
Two ages o'er his native realms he reigned,
And now th' example of the third remained."

Fancy may faintly imagine but can scarcely realize the feelings of the aged chief, when he received intelligence of the death of his only child, his last stay and consolation on earth.

May we not conceive that his situation was similar to that of the English monarch, (Henry I.,) thus described by a celebrated poetess :

"He sat where festal bowls went round,
He heard the minstrel sing,
He saw the tourney's victor crowned
Amidst the knightly ring ;
A murmur of the restless deep
Was blent with every strain,
A voice of winds that would not sleep,
He never smiled again."

POCAHONTAS,

PRINCESS OF VIRGINIA.

CANTO I.

POCAHONTAS,

PRINCESS OF VIRGINIA.

CANTO I.

“ Chaste as the first that fell of womankind ;
Whose image then was stamped upon her mind—
Dazzling as that, oh ! too transcendant vision,
Where heart meets heart again in dreams Elysian.
Soft, as the memory of buried love ;
Pure as the prayer which childhood wafts above ;
Was she, the daughter of that rude old chief.”

Bride of Abydos.”

I.

Descend my muse, from Heaven's bright sphere descend !
As erst propitious—still propitious prove.
To fair Parnassus' height my flight I bend—
Attune my harp to sing a tale of love.
Come then—and, for a season, now retire
To fragrant groves—thy native charms bring.
Leave thy proud psaltry for the rustic lyre,
Be with the minstrel as he wakes his string,
And still inspire the humble strain he'll sing.

II.

Where fair Virginia spreads her wide domain
In towering mountain, valley, hill and plain,
There lived in ages past, of royal line,
A lovely maid, of face and form divine.
Purer than she to life was never given,
Nor can be, sharing less of earth than heaven.
The gentle Pocahontas was she named,
Through distant realms and future ages famed.

III.

Her's were the graces nature's hand bestows,
The liberal favors from her bounty flows.
Wild as the fawn, o'er hill and dale she'd roam,
Still onward wend her course—nor think of home,
Till brightest Hesperus, enthroned on high,
Proclaiming day was over, met her eye.
Then would her thoughts revert, and fondly turn,
To the loved hearths that erst so brightly burn,
Where weeping eyes a loved one's absence mourn.

IV.

It was an evening, at that season drear,
When all things lose their verdure, leaves are sere—
The blossoms yielded now to every blast,
Myriads beneath the parent stems were cast.
At such an hour—behold the royal maid,
Far, far from home—from friends and kindred strayed.
She turned, but darkness all the world embraced,
Ere half the forest path could be retraced.

V.

'Tis thus on life's sad pilgrimage we stray,—
Lost in the brakes and thickets of the way.
The more we tempt the wilderness, the more
The maze redoubles,—needless to explore.
Onward we move, unwilling though to go
Through untried paths, beset with weal or woe.
Bewildered,—lost,—enveloped in the gloom,—
We sink, at last, for ever in the tomb.

VI.

The distant horn she heard,—its sounds were few,—
Her ears were cheered to hear, her heart was too.
In fond imagination did she see
Her aged sire, weighed down with misery,
(Now sole remaining parent,) mourn his child,
Lost in the mazes of the forest wild ;
Or haply to some savage beast a prey,
That nightly roams the desert,—shunning day.

VII.

Thus Pocahontas wandered—sad—forlorn—
Till fair Aurora ushered in the morn.
When the bright rays of light spread o'er the lawn,
Beasts to their lairs retired—the playful fawn
Sported around,—then did she quick pursue
The well known path presented to her view,
And the long tedious way did oft beguile,
Thinking again to share a parent's smile.

VIII.

The long lost home appeared—how short-lived joy !
What bliss can mortals share without alloy ?
The velvet lawn scarce met her wistful eye
Ere she beheld the faggots piled on high—
The flaming torches scattered all around,
And the familiar captive closely bound.
Her eyes were filled—she sickened at the sight—
Melted to tears and loathed returning light.

IX.

Alcanzor was a youth of noble mien,
Such amid men (as now) are rarely seen,
His brilliant eye illumined night's dark shade,
The graceful ringlets round his shoulders played.
His towering height declared him without peer,
So far above his fellows he'd appear.
Take him for all in all, such men as he,
'Tis rare, in nether worlds, for eye to see.

X.

She loved Alcanzor for another's sake,
One who his griefs and joys did long partake.
Friendship alone the passion could be named,
But still for one more tender was she blamed.
He was young Rodolph's other self—his heart—
To him the lovers every thought impart.
Alcanzor was to Rodolph more than friend,
For kindred feelings long their bosoms blend.

XI.

Friendship, divinest boon of bounteous heaven!
What were this life if such were never given?
A dreary wilderness—a barren soil :—
A weary pilgrimage replete with toil.
But friendship !—grant us but in thee a right,
Each grief is joy and every burden light,
An endless spring where blasts no blossoms blight. }
What mental vision can the bound define
Between thy bliss and that of love divine ?

XII.

‘Twas in a border foray he was ta’en,
Nor was it bloodless—many here were slain.
Virginia’s king, Powhattan, gained the prize,
His daughter led him captive with her eyes.
The burning pile was destined for his doom,
And Pocahontas vowed to share his tomb.
She and Alcanzor should, upon one pyre,
Breathe their last sigh, and, all for love, expire.

XIII.

This stern intent had reached her father’s ear;
And eyes, unused to weep, now found a tear.
His hours of bliss were far between and few,
For well he knew what woman’s love could do.
The thought oft brought distraction, horror wild,
To lose his sole remaining joy—his child.
While far from home she wandered, he resolved
The bond that held her heart should be dissolved.

XIV.

The captive, bound in fetters, forth was led—
The burning pile with kindling fodder fed.
To heaven he raised his eyes, those eyes of fire,
Whose flame did maidens' hearts with love inspire.
No tender mother, sister, brother, wife
Was there, that day, to intercede for life.
From distant realms he came, beyond the sea,
Far, far was he from kindred, country.

XV.

The king was seated :—all his chieftains round,
The trumpet gave a shrill, a martial sound—
An awful signal !—With solemn step and slow,
Alcanzor to the burning pile must go.
The warriors bent their bows with steady aim—
The fatal shaft would kill, if not the flame.
A double death awaits one mortal life.
An angel interposing stopped the strife.

XVI.

“ Stay, stay your hands, oh, warriors !—turn your aims
“ On me,” a voice of heavenly tone exclaims.
The princess rushed :—around the victim’s waist
Her arms she threw—close, closer still embraced.
The arrows, lately destined for a breast,
Lie on the bow-strings—find a lasting rest.
Hearts, long inured to death, with ardour glow,
Dissolved in pity as the melting snow.

XVII.

The plume crowned king rejoiced to see that child
Whom fancy painted blanching in the wild,
Prey to the beasts that through the valley roam,
Slaughter their pastime—trackless woods their home.
Was it a vision that entranced his eyes ?
Could Pocahontas dare such great emprise ?
Could he believe his vernal tendril flower
Would thus defy the deadly arrow shower ?

XVIII.

The monarch rose upon his ebon throne,
Sought to conceal the tear he durst not own.
His mighty breast heaved deep with pulsive throbs,
Scarce finding vent:—unlike a man he sobs.
He waved his hand to let the chiefs retire,
Bade them remove the sad funereal pyre,
Signed them to place their bows within the sheath,
And fill their quivers with the shafts of death.

XIX.

Silence resumed its reign. The king began,
Forgetting all the monarch in the man.
“Fairer than that bright star that gilds the morn,
“Sole op’ning blossom left of all were born
“To save a royal house from deadly blight,
“An ancient line of kings from endless night!
“Dearest of heaven’s best gifts—the captive’s free—
“To thee alone he owes his liberty.”

XX.

The child of nature, reckless of all fears,
Fell in her father's arms—dissolved in tears.
No word she uttered, nor did grace implore,
Mute in her eloquence—she pleaded more
Than if a thousand tongues should silence break,
Ten thousand prostrate suppliants mercy seek.
A daughter's tear!—what force, what power it brings!—
How deep it vibrates on the heart's laced strings.

XXI.

No fetters swathe Alcanzor's mighty limbs—
Now severed all:—no band his visage dims.
The gentle maid, who set the prisoner free,
Was first to taste how grateful 'tis to be
The kind dispenser of the gifts of heaven.
To her more grateful feelings must be given
Than e'en to him who owed his life, his all
To woman's love—a charm can never pall.

XXII.

The royal chief his favorite vassal calls,
Bade him conduct Alcanzor to the halls
Where many a generation, now no more,
Their festive revels held in days of yore.
Powhattan follows, with his daughter, where
Unnumbered slaves a princely feast prepare ;
A festal board was soon with viands spread,
And the freed captive forth in honor led.

XXIII.

The feast being o'er (for dainties then were few,)
The royal host prepared his light canoe
To bring the stranger thither whence he came,
(Virginia e'er deemed such a holy name.)
Alcanzor soon embarked—a king his guide.
Ere he departs he took the maid aside ;
Fair pledges passed in friendship—not for love :
Of this were conscious none—save heaven above.

XXIV.

Oh woman!—fairest boon that heaven bestowed,
How oft has mercy from thy bosom flowed.
Pure source of feeling—friendship—love divine—
Oh! what were man but for this holy shrine?
Only abode of bliss without alloy,
Chaste sanctuary for his grief or joy.
If adoration were allowed to thee:
Idolaters!—how many would there be?



POCAHONTAS,

PRINCESS OF VIRGINIA.

CANTO II.

POCAHONTAS,

PRINCESS OF VIRGINIA.

CANTO II.

“ A soul more spotless never claimed a tear !
A heart more tender, open and sincere ;
A hand more ready blessings to bestow—
Beloved, lamented and without a foe.
How prized in life, they ’re told who knew her well—
How wept in death, a nation’s tears may tell.”

I.

Once more, my muse, let me invoke thy aid :
Once more descend ;—inspire my tuneful strings.
Again my harp I strike for that fair maid,
The last sole offspring of Virginia’s kings.
In the cold grave she slumbers, yet she lives
In memory’s fondest recollections still :
And to successive ages ever gives
A bright example, which has erst and will
Yield pleasure to the heart that virtue’s charms can fill.

II.

It was an evening of that placid mien
When peace appears presiding o'er the scene:
No sound was heard, save that a murmuring rill,
Sparkling like dew-drops, trickled down the hill.
Anon the whippoorwill, did silence break
Or cheerless woodpecker impress his beak
On the aged oak, that reared its head on high,
Seeming as if to emulate the sky.

III.

Such was the season, such the solemn hour,
When Pocahontas sought her favorite bower,
Where roses loved with lilies to entwine,
The myrtle to unite with eglantine.
Fluvanna, fairest of Virginia's streams,
Flowed by and mingled with the sleeper's dreams,
As, in soft slumbers, she reposing lay,
Ere evening shades enclosed retiring day.

IV.

Visions, of brightest fancy, cheered her mind,
Such as the youthful breast alone can find :
Young Rodolph, long the monarch of her heart,
In the bright phantom bore the greater part.
For him alone—Alcanzor did she love :
He was his friend—adversity did prove :
And next to him, who long her heart possest,
She loved his other self—such ne'er confest.

V.

Sweet fairy vision ! ever hold thy sway,
Oh ! too transcendent bright on earth to stay.
Wake not, fair dreamer : things that erst have been
Sweetly float o'er thee in a magic scene.
Flowers, of sweetest perfume, scattered round,
Exhale their odors ;—flutes, of heavenly sound,
Swell to the breeze, enliven all the plain,
And bid enchantment still maintain its reign.

VI.

How gladly does the mind revert to past,
To days too blissful—scenes too pure to last.
Oh! if but time would stay its rapid hours!
When, in its course, it meets Elysian bowers,
Linger awhile—delay its rapid flight,
Nor thus haste on to sink in endless night.
The thought is vain—it passes with the wind—
Heedless of all things, leaving all behind.

VII.

As in the fragrant arbor still she lay,
The paddling oars, urged on through feathered spray,
Awoke the slumberer;—in the distant view
A brigantine her quick attention drew.
Time failed to let her further cause explore
Ere a canoe, well manned, approached the shore.
Who could mistake the leader of the band?
It was her Rodolph first who stepped on land.

VIII.

Scarce were the lovers clasped in fond embrace,
Ere in the barge they, silent, took their place.
No words were needed—love had formed the plan :
Love, the acutest gift conferred on man.
The royal Indian oftimes sighed to view
That distant clime whence Rodolph came to woo.
O'er the blue waters quickly were they borne,
Nor more of land perceived till early morn.

IX.

In holy wedlock, Rodolph gained the hand
Of Pocahontas, ere she left the land
Bound in her heart by all we hold most dear,
As oft attested by the falling tear.
Never were kindred bonds more closely tied
Than on the morn she found herself a bride.
Her father's hearth ne'er seemed so bright to burn,
As when she left it—never to return.

X.

The vessel rode triumphant o'er the tide,
And soon no object, save the ocean wide,
Of space extensive, met th' astonished view—
A wide expanse around of azure blue.
The towering billows, reared to mountains high,
Seemed to bedew with mist the vaulted sky,
Anon, in mighty volumes, quickly hurled,
Appeared to sink beneath the nether world.

XI.

What will not love perform?—what not endure?—
Such emanating from a heart so pure
As that of Rodolph's bride—where every grace
Found a safe domicile—a native place.
For this—she e'er resigned a happy home ;
For this—to distant realms she dared to roam ;—
To leave a parent, country,—kindred dear—
To die unwept for—fill a stranger's bier.

XII.

Aurora dawned.—The waters, to behold,
Seemed like a mighty flood of liquid gold,
Or to an ocean of that lurid fire
Which from volcanic orifice expire.
The storm had ceased :—the glassy surface o'er
Not e'en a ripple seemed to harrow more.
As a fair mirror—it reflected bright
All 'neath its bosom—all above—to sight.

XIII.

Rodolph led forth his young and lovely bride
To view leviathan, the ocean's pride,
(The potent monarch of the mighty flood,)
Seeking, in liquid realms, its daily food.
Great Behemoth came also (vast in size,)
Displaying wonders to th' astonished eyes.
While other monsters of the vasty deep
Join in the band, and round the vessel creep.

XIV.

When fully sated to her hearts desire,
With tearful eyes she took a rude-made lyre,
On which, as she was wont in former days
In simple minstrelsy to tune her lays,
She lightly touched : and while she listless strung
In concert with the simple air was sung,
Unconscious of the music's magic power,
She thus beguiled the tedium of the hour.

L A Y .

I.

Silence too long around thee reigns,
My slumbering Harp.—I trow
To tune them to some other strains ;
Be thou propitious now.

II.

Mayhap they are the last that e'er
Will move thy tuneful strings,
As erst—the smile or falling tear
No more their music brings.

III.

Alas !—'tis vain to try thee more,
No music you afford ;—
What magic can thy charms restore ?
What power attune thy chord ?

XV.

Albion's fair cliffs appeared—hope, fondest hope
Sprung in each breast,—they seek the telescope.
The royal exile first the glass applied,
And, on the pier, a crowd of gazers spied,
A well known form amid,—whose towering height
Taught her to think, ere this, he'd met her sight.
Wrapped in a cloak the face she scarce could see,
Yet still a something said: "it must be he."

XVI.

They onward sailed—but ere the ship reached land,
The ardent princess bounded on the strand.
Fondly she clasped the stranger to her breast,
It was Alcanzor's self who stood confest.
A crimson flush bedewed his glowing cheeks,
No kind return he makes—no word he speaks.
The gentle exile soon dissolves in tears,
And e'en, in them, more lovely yet appears.

XVII.

When she returned to self, and silence brake,
The princess shone in every word she spake.
“ Was it for this, proud warrior, that to thee
“ I granted country, kindred, liberty ?
“ When in a clime far distant from thine own,
“ A wanderer, poor, unpitied and alone ;
“ Say,—was it thus Powhattan’s daughter turned ?
“ Thus, in her father-land, the stranger spurned ?”

XVIII.

Alcanzor’s cheeks assumed a deeper hue ;
He, in his turn, for mercy ’gan to sue.
“ Fairest and best, forgive me the foul wrong ;
“ Call me ingrate, or what must e’er belong
“ To him who can forget a favor given,
“ Witnessed e’en though but by all-seeing Heaven.
“ To thee my life, my liberty, I owe—
“ Accept my love—’tis all I can bestow.

XIX.

He spake, and fondly clasped the forest child :
She wiped away the falling tear and smiled.
All disembark—behold a joyous band !
Hearts beat responsive—hand grasps friendly hand.
Affection's tear bedewed e'en stranger's eyes,
And burdened bosoms sought relief in sighs.
The soft infection ran, kind feelings flowed,
And all a sympathizing tear bestowed.

XX.

Friendship and love, throughout Britiannia's Isle,
Met Pocahontas, unreserved by guile.
Her sons, a brother showed in every breast,
In her fair daughters, sisters were confest.
Each vied with each, their friendship to confer,
And even royal favors flowed on her.
Such acts, a lambkin won to Christ's broad fold,
For with believers was her name enrolled.

XXI.

Years passed away. The pensive exile sighed
To see her country—ere her father died.
He, worn with years and mourning, oft beguiled
His sorrow, thinking on his long lost child.
A hundred moons were knotted on his cord,
Since last her radiant eyes their charms afford.
His heart, to see her once again, did pine,
The sole remaining scion of his line.

XXII.

In human things, 'tis man that must propose,
But Heaven alone their destiny dispose.
The morn arrived when Rodolph and his train,
His wife and child, were to embark again
For fair Columbia. Alas! her native shore,
Her home, her kindred, Pocahontas more
Was never to behold :—ere close of day,
Her spirit winged its flight and passed away.

XXIII.

In the lone mansion of the silent tomb
She ever sleeps ; far, far from friends and home.
But sovereign mercy, just to all mankind,
In every clime the pure in heart can find.
Will not the passing pilgrim drop a tear,
An humble offering, on a stranger's bier ?
And guardian spirits as they hover nigh,
Will bear the tribute to their shrines on high.

XXIV.

Sleep on, sleep on, and lightly o'er thy breast,
May the green turf protect thee in thy rest.
Nature will mourn the favorite child she gave,
And breathe her sighs upon thy lowly grave.
The evening here bestows her latest dews,
Nor will the morn her earliest tears refuse.
Sleep on, sleep on, until that glorious morn,
When angels will rejoice for angels born.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

HOUR OF LOVE.

Know ye the hour when lovers should meet ?
Know ye when vows should be given ?
Know ye when hearts can in unison beat,
Witnessed by nothing but heaven ?
'Tis when the planets are lit in the skies,
Lulled every wave on the ocean—
'Tis when the zephyrs are breathing their sighs,
And nature has stilled her emotion :
'Tis when the moonbeams are playing around,
Far from the ken of the many—
This is the hour, believe me, is found
Fairest and brightest of any.

FROM THE GREEK.

God is—and that 's enough for thee,
But seek not what 's the Deity.
Worship, honor, praise, adore—
And further, mortal, ne'er explore.

WRECK OF THE LEXINGTON.

JANUARY 13th, 1840.

“The queenly ship ! brave hearts had striven,
And true ones died with her—
We saw her mighty cable riven,
Like floating gossamer.
We saw her proud flag struck that morn,
A star once o’er the seas—
Her anchor gone, her deck uptorn,
And sadder things than these.”—MRS. HEMANS.

They found a lone grave in the azure deep,
Hearts to friendship true :
They slumber in long, in lasting sleep,
’Neath heaven’s expanse of blue.

Where are the loved ones that left the shore ?
Down in the deep, deep sea.
Alas ! we shall never behold them more,
The ocean their bed must be.

Where are those eyes that with lustre shone,
Whose beams spread a splendor round ?
To the depths of the troubled waves they’re gone,
Where snow-white pearls are found.

They sleep, aye for ever, in coral cells,
And there have found a grave,
Where, sadly and silent, the mermaid dwells,
Beneath the crystal wave.

The young and the lovely have passed away,
Nor more on earth appear,
Without shroud, without coffin, unknelled they lay,
No kindred heart was near.

Ages will roll and meet their doom,
Till time itself shall cease ;
But nought can awake them in the tomb,
The home of lasting peace.

There will they rest, 'rest of solar beams,
Regardless of the storm—
No dirge will ever disturb their dreams,
Save what the winds perform.

But yet a time will come, 'tis said—
An angel's voice will say :
" Ye seas, ye seas, give up your dead,
" 'Tis resurrection day !"

N A P O L E O N ' S G R A V E .

“ He lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.”—WOLFE.

Oh ! do not take him from the sea-girt isle,
Where twice ten summers he reposed in death.
Behold, he slumbers ! Mark the placid smile !
“ Let me sleep on in peace, my friends,” it saith.

Can gorgeous city yield a holier tomb ?
Can fretted vault an easier bed supply ?
Can proud sepulchral arch avert a doom,
Or animate the once dark-rolling eye ?

These balmy zephyrs breathing gently round,
This spicy fragrance from the flowers exhaled,
These odors sweet respiring from the ground,
Embalm the hero glory oft bewailed.

Corruption claims him not, nor worms intrude,
Then why disturb him from such blest repose ?
No earth-born reptiles banquet on such food,
Nor revels keep. The silent grave then close.

Can France, proud France, bestow a nobler tomb
 Than that which nature's self in ocean formed?
 Can laurel wreaths around his temples bloom
 More fresh than these, where twenty winter's stormed?

What gothic minster, with its cloud-capt spire,
 And battled towers that rear their heads on high,
 In pomp can to this island tomb aspire,
 Or to yon vaulted arch of heaven's blue sky?

Then do not take him from the sea-girt isle,
 Where twice ten summers he reposed in death,
 Behold, he slumbers! Mark the placid smile!
 "Let me sleep on in peace, my friends," it saith.

"WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?"

On the night previous to the demise of General Harrison, he repeated (according to report) these words, at various intervals: "Watchman, what of the night?—Watchman, what of the night?"

"Watchman, Watchman,—what of the night?"

"Heavenly visions envelope me quite.

"Voices of seraphim sound in my ears,

"A halo of glory on all things appears.

“ Angels, archangels, now joyfully wait

“ To welcome a spirit to heaven’s bright gate.

“ ‘ Watchman, what of the night ?’

“ ‘ Watchman, Watchman, what of the night ?’

“ There hovers around me a heavenly light,

“ To my spirit departing affording a ray,

“ Enlight’ning the boundless, the trackless way,

“ To regions of pleasure, to mansions of bliss,

“ More pure, more enjoying, more stable than this.

“ ‘ Watchman, what of the night ?’

“ ‘ Watchman, Watchman,—what of the night ?’

“ How glorious the vision—how great the delight—

“ When voices of cherubim sweetness display

“ To a spirit just entering on endless day.

“ Fair scene of bright rapture ! oh, when will it be

“ That I will, in glory, be passing to thee ?

“ ‘ Watchman, what of the night ?’

“ ‘ Watchman, Watchman,—what of the night ?’

“ What are those phantoms enchanting my sight ?

“ Angels attuning, in concert, their lyre,

“ Calling me loudly to join the glad choir.

“ Lend, lend your wings—I’m soaring—I fly,

“ My name to enrol among angels on high.

“ ‘ Watchman, what of the night ?’

“ ‘ Watchman, Watchman,—what of the night ?
(Still sung the pure spirit just winging its flight,)
“ I leave the frail mansion I held upon earth,
“ For one that’s eternal, of heavenly birth :
“ My soul is departing—it lingers no more,
“ It soars, on fleet pinions, to heaven’s bright shore.
“ ‘ Watchman, what of the night ? ”

TO SLEEP.

“ Each night we die : Each morn are born again :
Each day a life.” YOUNG.

Hail, gentle sleep—thy charms I sing,
Thrice grateful to the languid eye,
As soaring oft, in balmy wing,
Across the weary lids you fly.
In thy arms what bliss we find,
What pure pleasure sleep bestows !
Here no griefs await the mind,
From the source no sorrow flows.

Fancy now, with all her train,
Flits across the slumbering mind,
Visionary joys or pain
In her fairy scenes we find,

Short and transient is their power,
Frail and fleeting must they be,
Joys and sorrows of an hour,
Gentle sleep, they fly with thee.

In thy short-lived reign we see
Fatal death's subduing power,
Taste what is eternity
In the compass of an hour.
Emblem of that awful day
In thy influence we find,
When this world will pass away
Nor leave one joyless wreck behind.

Come, oh ! come, and weigh my eyes,
Nature's nurse ! thy bliss impart ;
Bring the charms thy power supplies,
Grateful to the head and heart.
On thy bosom let me rest,
Still around thy pleasures pour,
In thy blessings ever blest,
Till I sleep to wake no more.

H Y M N ,

WRITTEN (BY REQUEST) FOR THE CONSECRATION OF AN
EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN OHIO.

“ How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts !”

Father of all, whose power alone
Could raise this wondrous frame,
Where countless worlds your empire own
And magnify thy name :
How can we dare approach thy throne,
The creatures of a day ;
We to existence scarcely known
Ere fleetly past away.

O Thou, who can'st with equal eye
Regard the fate of all,
A world from its bright orbit fly,
The lowly sparrow fall.
An arm almighty, Lord, extend
To guard the church from harm,
The christian pilgrim to defend,
Thy saints from false alarm.

Lo ! in the wilderness we raise
A temple, Lord, to thee,
And celebrate thy glorious praise
In sacred melody.
Oh ! let thy quick'ning spirit pour
Its influence around,
And fill the fane where we adore
To make it holy ground.

Grant that the tender plant we rear,
How slow so e'er it grows,
May overspread the desert drear,
And blossom as the rose.
Long let its mystic shade impart
To every soul distrest,
A balm to heal the broken heart,
And to the weary—rest.

But when this transient state is o'er,
(At best—a short lived flower,) 11
Its sorrows past, its griefs no more,
Its pleasures lost their power,
Oh ! may we bless the day that cast,
In the Bethesda here,
The wound that had a power to last
Beyond this earthly sphere.

Then let us all, in one accord,
With joyful tongues proclaim
The goodness of the mighty Lord,
The greatness of his name.
And ever strike the sacred lyre
In hymns, while yet we may,
Until we join the heavenly choir
In everlasting day.

QUEEN OF FLOWERS.

(FROM SAPPHO.)

If to rule o'er fragrant bowers,
We'd choose a queen among the flowers,
What within all nature grows
Is preferred before the rose?

In every zephyr bland that breathes,
In every garland Flora wreathes,
In every breeze that round us blows,
The rose, we still perceive the rose.

KENILWORTH CASTLE.

"This lordly palace, where princes feasted and heroes fought, now in the bloody earnest of storm and seige, and now in the games of chivalry, where beauty dealt the prize which valor won, all is now desolate. The bed of the lake is but a rushy swamp, and the massy ruins of the castle only serve to show what their splendor once was, and to impress on the musing visiter the transitory value of human possessions, and the happiness of those who enjoy an humble lot in virtuous contentment."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Relic of by-gone days, your moss-grown wall,
And ivy tower, sad recollections call
Of other times—when Britain's virgin queen
Triumphed where desolation marks the scene.

Near yon proud arch that rears its head on high,
And seems to soar to heaven's ethereal sky,
Full many a lordly pageant moved and fair.

"Where are the actors?"—Echo answers—"Where?"

Here did sweet harmony her powers prolong,
'These walls re-echoed with the minstrel song.
Brave knights did once to ladies fair advance,
And led them through the mazes of the dance.

Here did the warriors of the olden time
Give subject to the troubadour's rude rhyme :
And many a captive in the donjon tower,
Strung his sad harp to 'guile a lonely hour.

Here gallant Leicester, in proud array,
Led forth his queen upon the festive day.
Where are they now who shared the royal smile ?
All, all have past away, but thee, dark pile.

A few more years, and history alone,
Proud Kenilworth, must claim thee as her own.
And 'mong the records of a long past age
We'll seek thy memoir on her graphic page.

MINSTREL'S LAST LAY.

Child of sweet song, thy race is o'er,
Sorrow thy bosom rends no more,
Nor tears will dim thine eye.
Lend, lend your wings, ye angel choir,
Yes!—to your regions I aspire,
To heaven's bright realms I fly.

In sorrow to this world we come,
Through sorrow we must reach the tomb,
With sorrow spend our days.
Thrice happy hour !—then welcome here,
That bring'st me to that radiant sphere,
Where cherubim give praise.

Hail, power divine ! that shew'st the way,
'To where a never ending day
Is followed not by night.
And you, ye heavenly joys, I sing,
Which Israel's shepherd e'er will bring
To those who seek his light.

Child of pure bliss then call me now,
With festive garlands wreath my brow,
A triumph here I gain !
Sound, sound the liveliest notes of joy,
For endless pleasures that ne'er cloy
Henceforth on me remain.

L I N E S

ON VIEWING THE INTERMENT OF THE ONLY CHILD OF
AN ESTEEMED FRIEND,

AT WEST CHESTER, SEPTEMBER 7TH, 1837.

“ Here lies a rose, a budding rose,
 Blighted before its bloom,
Whose innocence did sweets disclose,
 Beyond that flower’s perfume.
To those, who for his loss are grieved,
 This consolation’s given,
He’s from a world of woe relieved,
 And blooms a rose in heaven.”—BURNS.

Farewell, sweet babe !—thy life was brief,
 Thy transient course is run,
Thou’st fallen with the autumn leaf—
 With it thy race begun.

Short was thy span. The rising sun
 That viewed the blushing rose,
But half its annual course had run
 When he beheld its close.

Inscrutable are God's decrees,
Ineffable his powers,
His ways are not as our ways,
Nor are his thoughts as ours.

We fondly hoped the lovely flower
Would raise its drooping head,
But nought could stem the fatal hour,
Sweet cherub, thou art dead.

Thus evanescent were the dreams
That hope so vainly rose,
They vanished as the morning beams,
Ere evening sought repose.

A soul so formed for virtue's light
No more on earth could roam,
But to the spirits winged its flight,
To seek its native home.

As first we viewed thy lovely bloom,
All calm and all serene,
We scarce could think an early tomb
So soon would close the scene.

Our hearts the thought could never brook,
As there we saw thee lie,
That then we took a parting look—
That thou wert born to die.

We deemed thee a fond gift from heaven
Kind Providence had sent,
But ah! we find thou wert not given,
But, for a season, lent.

Thy hours were few. A summer's morn
Was all life gave to thee ;
And now, thou 'rt ever from us torn,
Grave! where 's thy victory ?

Could but a mother's anxious care
Her drooping lily save,
Or that a father's fervent prayer
Might snatch thee from the grave.

But prayers!—ah! what can they avail ?
And sighs and tears are vain ;
We now are called thy fate to wail ;
Blest seraph, thou art ta'en !

But is it only thou alone,
Can'st claim the falling tear ?
Ah, no! but the deserted one
Who droops upon thy bier.

The silent tear that steals the cheek
Betrays the father there,
The sorrows which he cannot speak
Too well his griefs declare.

Lone parent, do not thus repine,
'Tis thus we all shall be :
To God's behest thy will resign,
And to his high decree.

And thou, fair mourner, who, at home,
Now weep'st ; the loved one gone ;
Who vainly seek'st the vacant room
Where late thy rose-bud shone :

Oh! do not yield thy soul to grief,
Thy bosom to despair :
In meek religion seek relief—
A sovereign balm is there.

Farewell, sweet babe ! we bid adieu !

The mournful task is o'er,

Thou 'rt ever hid from mortal view ;

No art can now restore.

Rest, rest in peace, thou hallowed earth !

Here will the bloom of spring

Rejoice to yield its earliest birth,

Its loveliest odors bring.

Here will the morn her tears bestow,

And evening its soft dews ;

Here kindred hearts indulge their woe,

A tribute—who 'll refuse ?

Farewell !—once more we say—farewell !

Alas ! we now must part.

Still will thy image ever dwell

Within the breaking heart.

NIAGARA AT MOONLIGHT.

Niagara !—Niagara !
Careering in its might,
The fierce and free Niagara
Shall be my theme this night.
A glorious theme, a noble theme,
Niagara, is mine,
Heaven's fire is on the flashing wave,
Its thunders blend with thine. ANON.

See, through the solemn grey of evening light,
Niagara slow bursting on the sight.
A pensive stillness reigns through the profound,
Unbroken but by that lone solemn sound,

Which, as the thunder from th' ethereal sphere,
Peals loud and louder on th' astonished ear.
Lo !—the pale moon sheds o'er the tranquil scene
Its silver beams—not erst more brightly seen.

In the opposing vault of heaven's pale sky,
A bow of milky whiteness rears on high
Its arch, e'er unimpeded by a cloud,
Nor e'en a meteor can its form enshroud.

At such an hour, how grateful 'tis to be
Far from what 's lighter still than vanity;
And to communion with our thoughts retire,
'To raise them 'bove the sphere of base desire.

Grant me a scene like this, such hours as those,
Few, few there be that this vain world bestows.
Give me such days, and when I pass away,
Far from the regions of this fleeting day,

Oh! may I think of such blest hours of joy,
For they alone taste not of life's alloy,
By them alone in this drear world is given
A foretaste of the bliss that reigns in heaven.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

(FROM SAPPHO.)

Fair evening star, sweet evening star,
With joy I hail thy rise;
Bright orb, no clouds thy lustre mar,
Thou glory of the skies.

The social board, at thy return,
With generous hearts will glow,
'Tis then the blazing hearth will burn,
And genial warmth bestow.

Soon as thy beams put forth their charms,
All nature seeks repose,
The herd no longer feels alarms,
Protected from its foes.

The lovely maid, by virtue warned,
Now seeks her happy home,
And she, whom every grace adorned,
No more will sigh to roam.

At thy return, sweet evening star,
The tender lovers meet,
And hearts that morn had severed far
In unison can beat.

THE OLD YEAR.

"Where is it? With the years beyond the flood."

YOUNG.

Lo! another transient year,
Another span of time
Has quickly run its brief career,
Though late we viewed its prime.

How many hopes, how many fears
Have past their little day,
How many smiles, how many tears
Have lived, have died away,

Since first we hailed its fair birth-day
As 't were but yestere'en,
And now 'tis ever past away
To things that once have been.

'Tis thus with man—his days are nought,
He blooms his little hour,
Where late he lived is vainly sought,
He perished like a flower.

Since then to him a course is given
So short—may he pursue
The narrow path that leads to heaven,
Discovered but by few.

THE CHILD'S GRAVE.

“Mother of the lost one ! is it not a comfort even while you mourn, to think of all that that breast, now so silent, has escaped ? The cream, the sparkle, the elixir of life it had already quaffed ; is it not sweet to think it shunned the wormwood and the dregs ? Answer me, even though the answer be in tears.”—*Bulwer*.

O'er this small mound,—oh, lightly tread !
Angels their vigils keep,
And with their guardian wings o'erspread
A cherub laid asleep.

Nor marked with monumental stone,
Nor graced by sculptured bust,
The earliest flowers of spring alone
Protect the hallowed dust.

Breathe not a sigh. The silent tear
Is all thou need'st bestow,
He little recks, who slumbers here,
To claim the meed we owe.

'Through endless ages here thou 'lt rest,
O dear departed shade !
Let no rude step that spot molest,
Thy reliques sacred made.

Basking beneath thy vernal sky
The cruel spoiler came,
Nor did we deem the tyrant nigh,
Though he had marked his aim.

The fatal shaft past, on the stem
The withering rose in scorn,
And fixed the fairest brightest gem,
The rising hope of morn.

Scarce can we think it gone for aye ;
So fleet the arrow sped,
It bore the op'ning bud away
Ere it inclined its head.

What trophies can this triumph bring ?
What laurel wreaths to thee,
O Death ?—Then where the mighty sting ?
O Grave !—thy victory ?

Farewell, thou sweetly smiling rose,
That perished in its bloom,
Before the morning sweets disclose
Their fragrant full perfume !

A fairer bud in nature's bower
Was ne'er displayed to view,
Nor ever did a lovelier flower
Receive the early dew.

But now thou 'rt gone !—nor mothers smile,
Nor father's bitter tear
Could death's unerring dart beguile,
To let thee linger here.

Yet still one joy, one hope is left,
One consolation 's given,
Though, for a season, we 're bereft,
We 'll never part in heaven.

Yes!—to those mansions we shall come
Where thou dost now rejoice,
Forewarned from thy early tomb
We hear a still small voice !

“Ye mourners, why will ye repine,

“To follow me prepare,

“Amid the heavenly host I shine

“An angel bright and fair.

“What though to earth I ’ll ne’er return ?

“Yet ye will come to me :

“To me who ne’er again can mourn

“Through all eternity.

“Snatched from a world of grief and woe ;

“How truly blest am I !

“The cares of life I here forego,

“A denizen on high.”

The cherub spake. In visual sight

We view the heavenly choir

Of angels and archangels bright,

Wrapped in seraphic fire.

At heaven’s great portals thee descry,

The youngest of the train,

And hymn thy welcome to the sky

In notes of joyous strain.

To distant realms you mount, you fly,
Nor more on earth appear,
Thy sight no longer cheers the eye,
Thy voice—no more the ear.

Farewell!—a long farewell to thee!
Oft shall I wander here,
And pour my sighs. Then claim from me
The tributary tear.

FROM PETRARCH.

On this verdant bank reclined,
My listless length thus laid,
I calm the transport of my mind
Beneath the cooling shade.
To sing my gentle Laura's praise,
My tuneful Harp, prepare,
And in soft melody's sweet lays
Still mitigate my care.
The chrystal stream that murmurs by
Will join the love-lorn strain,
The songsters of the grove will try
T' alleviate my pain.

This sweet retreat, with all its charms,
Will still afford relief,
This breast no more will feel alarms,
These eyes no longer—grief.

FROM PETRARCH.

O Love, what heart ne'er felt thy sting ?
What bard ne'er deigned thy charms to sing ?
What words can now my sorrows speak ?
Where shall I for my Laura seek ?
Ah! I feel the rankling flame,
Breathing that ecstatic name
What emotions you inspire !
Ne'er did the thirsty stag desire
The cooling waters, as those eyes
Seek the sight that death denies.
Lovely pilgrim, oh ! that I,
In one death, with thee could die.
But alas !—how vain to mourn,
Thou, my Laura, to that bourne
Hast gone,—where Petrarch will again
Meet thee, unalloyed with pain.

FROM PETRARCH.

Peace once dawned upon this breast,
Here she came a welcome guest.
Tears no longer stole this cheek,
Joy, once more, my heart did seek.
When, alas ! how vain our pleasure !
Transient was my harp's glad measure.
Now—my Laura droops her head,
Soon I'll mourn my Laura dead.
Nature, gentle mother, save
My loved Laura from the grave.
Must it, must it, ever be,—
Snatched through all eternity.
Death, all devouring, never take
Laura for her Petrarch's sake.
Nature, Nature, can'st thou save
The fairest work thy hands e'er gave.

F A M E .

What is Fame?—an empty bubble,
Full of toil and full of trouble.
Evanescent as the dream,
Or the froth on mountain stream ;
Transient as the passing wind,
Or the swift winged thought of mind ;
Fleeting as the beams of light,
Or the arrow in its flight ;
Mortal as the fragrant flower ;
Passing as the April shower ;
Envious as the venom'd snake
Crawling in the thorny brake ;
Ever onward in its way,
Ne'er content to go or stay.
'Tell me, muse, then what is fame ?
'Tis the sounding of a name,
Scarcely worthy of a thought
If virtue be not through her sought.
Should that be the prize that 's won,
Seek for fame, or else seek none.

D R E A M S .

" All the stars are glowing
 In the gorgeous sky,
 In the stream scarce flowing
 Mimic lustres lie.
 Blow gentle, gentle breeze,
 But bring no cloud to hide
 Their dear resplendencies,
 Nor quickly turn aside
 Dreams bright and pure as these."—LOCKHART.

Wake not the slumb'rer,—lo! he smiles,
 Call him not to life's sad woes ;
 While balmy sleep his grief beguiles,
 Oh! let him taste what it bestows.

Angels whisper in his ear
 Fairy visions, bright and fair ;
 Would you call the dreamer here
 To the cares in life we share ?

Days of childhood, ever gone,
 To his fancy now return ;
 Nor does there seem to rest upon
 The fair prospect ought to mourn.

Parents, brothers, sisters, all
Sit beneath the well known tree ;
Friends, whom memory scarce could call,
Join in festive revelry.

Pleasing phantom, be thy reign
Longer than a transient hour—
Still, oh ! still on earth remain,
O'er the sleeper cast thy power.

Lo ! he wakes to life's sad scene,
And the fleeting joy is fled ;
The loved group, in sleep now seen,
Long are numbered with the dead.

L I F E .

This world's a town of many squares and streets,—
The grave, a market-place where each man meets :
If life were merchandize that we could buy,
The rich would always live, the poor would die.
But since nor life nor death is in our power,
This comes unlooked for, that 's a short-lived flower.
'Twere well if time's brief span we 'll duly prize,
That we may reign immortal in the skies.

TO A LADY,
ON ARRIVING IN AMERICA.

"The world is bright before thee,
Its summer flowers are thine,
Its calm blue sky is o'er thee,
Thy bosom, pleasure's shrine.
And thine the sunbeam given
To virtue's morning hour,
Pure, warm, as when from heaven
It burst on Eden's bower."—HALLECK.

Lady, thrice welcome ! Thee we hail
Upon Columbia's shore ;
Oft did we hope the favoring gale
Would waft thee quickly o'er.

Fair daughter of the Isles, in thee
No stranger I behold ;
Long erst hast thou been known to me,
Though seas between us rolled.

And can I hope my humble name,
In distant realms you 'd hear ?
A minstrel still unknown to fame
Could never reach thine ear.

Awake, my Harp ! Let every chord,
Let every slumbering string
Their sweetest melody afford,
And strains of rapture bring.

Nor thou, my Lute, be now unstrung,
Thy former powers restore,
And be those tones harmonious sung
That wont to charm before.

A tale of joy, my muse, inspire,
From heaven descend to me,
Nor more let sorrow wake my lyre—
Come, come with festive glee.

Welcome ! thrice welcome to our shore !
Fair lady, thee we hail !
With joy we saw the bark, once more,
Approach with swelling sail.

Friendship and love await thee here,
Offspring of power divine.
No heaving sigh, no bitter tear
Henceforth be ever thine.

To braid a chaplet for thy brow,
I cull from friendship's bowers ;
Oh ! that I could but weave it now
Of never fading flowers.

But while the garland here I wreath
It hastens to decay,
E'en as the fragrant odors breathe,
It droops and pines away.

'Tis thus with man : like these fair flowers,
At morn he rears his head ;
And ere the close of evening's hours ,
He slumbers with the dead.

Farewell, fair lady ! to that friend*
Who blends his fate with thine,
A willing offering now I send,
A tributary line.

But feebly can my lyre respond
The feelings of a heart
United long, by friendship's bond,
To him whose own thou art.

* Thomas Jackson, Esq.

Welcome, my friend ! be ever blest !

May every joy of heaven

Be in thy heart a constant guest,

All happiness be given.

A brother e'er I found in thee,

When exiled far from home ;

And such thou 'lt ever prove in me,

Whatever realms we roam.

Farewell ! farewell ! the minstrel art

Can faintly all declare :

Oh ! that you could but view my heart,

And read the feelings there !

LAST DAY OF THE YEAR.

Another year is past : and who can say

That he again will see another day ?

To-morrow—ere the sun will meet the dawn

Upon the moss-grown hill or verdant lawn,

Time must consign to that untravell'd bourne

Another child, from whence there 's no return.

Hast thou improved the past ? if not, oh ! stay
Thy headlong course, and seek a better way.
A few more years, O youth, the final chime
Will warn thee that no more you live with time.
Death steps between and cuts that fatal thread
That erst has bound the living with the dead.
Does time itself exist for evermore ?
Or will her onward heedless race be o'er ?
Did the Eternal this great agent send
Without beginning or without an end ?
No : the archangel's voice, from shore to shore,
Proclaims aloud that time shall be no more.
Thus that devourer, when all things create
He has devoured, himself must meet his fate.
Yes, he must yield, must find his final doom,
And with his victims share a common tomb.

TO A HOLY BIBLE.

Ye sacred truths, to man in mercy given,
The holiest boon was e'er vouchsafed from heaven ;
Let your pure doctrine and your native truth
Be age's comfort and the guide of youth.
Let Christians triumph in the sacred page,
The glory of each past and future age.

The only wealth that waits our final doom,
The only splendor in the silent tomb.
These are your blessings ; let the atheist rave,
His sentence waits him in the lonely grave :
But—let the pious Christian never mourn,
His triumph meets him at death's sombre urn.

TO A FRIEND.*

“ Friendship, peculiar boon of heaven,
The noble mind's delight and pride,
To men and angels only given,
To all the lower world denied.”

Oh ! let me wake my lyre
For thee, my honored friend,
The strains my muse inspire
To thee I freely send.

In friendship—true I've found thee,
Sincere in all thy love ;
By these bonds thou 'st bound me,
Unbroken may they prove.

* James Cocke, Esq.

Oh ! may the links be ever
In union closely found,
May time or absence never
Disjoin what friendship bound.

I can't resist the feeling
That fires my humble lay,
Unconsciously 'tis stealing,
Though thou art far away.

Is there a blessing dearer,
One more I 'd wish were mine,
A happiness sincerer
Than intercourse like thine ?

Still closer be it woven,
So that it ne'er can part ;
Yet, as it erst has proven,
Uniting heart to heart.

And when with fond affection,
We meet in heaven's bright sphere,
How sweet the recollection
Of scenes that blest us here.

KOSCIUSKO'S GARDEN,

AT WESTPOINT.

Mark that lone spot, where but a single flower
Rears its lone head, and fragrant sweets o'erpower !
The violet here, the snow white lily there,
A cultivation, long gone by, declare.
Here a fair arbor stood,—the eglantine
That yet the towering oak's aged boughs entwine,
And pensive droops its leaves above the wave,
Or in the water's crystal flood they lave,
Brings to remembrance seasons, now no more,
When Koscuisko on Columbia's shore
Found that asylum in his home denied ;
Sought that pure bliss for which, in vain, he sighed.
This was the hallowed place, the lone retreat,
Where, in sad exile, turned his wandering feet.
Yes, it was thus his sorrows sought relief—
Mid rural shades he mourned in silent grief.
To weep the scene of desolation here,
Fain would fair Liberty a willing tear
Grant, as a tribute, to so fair a spot,
Which, while she reigns, can never be forgot.

TO THE MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

"Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men."—Ps. xii. v. 1.

Muse of a mourning harp, inspire my lays !
A great man, fallen in Israel, claims thy praise.
Great in his acts of mercy, great in grace,
Great in his virtues. Who can fill his place ?

Friend of our by-gone days ! shall we again
Ever behold, amid the walks of men,
A breast more true to friendship's every call,
A heart by pity moved to succor all ?

Meek charity and all its powers divine,
Where did they more triumphant, purer shine,
Than in that throbless bosom ever stilled,
Whose task on earth so justly was fulfilled ?

To seek distress, at morn, you went about,
Each eve, the case you knew not searched out ;
Nature, in true benevolence, did blend
The orphan's guardian with the widow's friend.

Did we need counsel ? from thy lips would flow
All that fair wisdom's self could e'er bestow :
You taught us still to combat with the strife,
When here no charm appeared to cherish life.

But now thou 'rt gone. Yes ! yes, we mourn thee dead.
And with thee, dear departed shade, has fled
A spirit long aspiring to the skies,
That now, at last, attains the hallowed prize.

Farewell ! a long farewell we bid to thee,
Crowned with a fadeless immortality.
Long is it ere a friend so true we 'll find,
Where heart meets heart, and mind responds to mind.

Heir of eternal bliss, how truly blest !
With saints thou 'st entered on thy heavenly rest.
Thrice happy state ! (such blessing to us send,)
Angels on thee in blissful realms attend.

There, is this state of rigid trial o'er ;
There, will the anxious bosom beat no more ;
The heart can then no more emit the sigh,
Nor sorrow ever dim the mourner's eye.

TO A FRIEND.

How glorious, then, to sing in heavenly lays,
 Angels and men uniting in their praise,
 With loud hosannas mid the saints above.
 How sweet the harmony—how pure the love!

TO A FRIEND,*

ON DEPARTING FOR EUROPE.

“Friend after friend departs;
 Who hath not lost a friend?
 There is no union here of hearts
 That finds not here an end.
 There is a world above
 Where parting is unknown,
 A long eternity of love,
 Formed for the good alone.
 And faith beholds the dying here
 Translated to that glorious sphere.”—MONTGOMERY.

Farewell, my friend! Thou'lt not refuse
 The tribute of an humble muse,
 Though small the gift I bring.
 All that I have I give to thee,
 The offering then accept from me,
 To friendship's praise I sing.

* R. E. Alcock, Esq,

Full many a rolling year has fled,
And many a changing scene has shed
 A halo round my way,
Since first I met thee—blithe and young,
Such as I would have gladly sung
 In melody's sweet lay.

Yet still I find no change in thee,
Thou 'st ever proved the same to me,
 In fortune's smiles and tears;
And such I'll be to thee each hour,
If summer smile or winter lower,
 Through all succeeding years.

Friend of my heart, this wreath then take,
And wear it, for the donor's sake,
 While e'er a flower will bloom.
And may the garland ne'er decay,
Nor its sweet fragrance fade away
 But on the minstrel's tomb.

Soon, soon upon the vasty deep,
Thy wakeful vigils thou must keep,
 Far, far from home and me :
E'en there, my friend, I 'll thee pursue,
Still, still my thoughts will turn to you,
 Yes ! oft I 'll think of thee.

Speed on thy way, but do not stay—
Slowly the hours will pass away,
 Until again, once more,
We see the welcome bark return,
Her flying pennant we discern
 From fair Columbia's shore.

For thee, fair lady, who dost blend,
Thy fate with that of my loved friend,
 I wake an humble strain ;
May every bliss that bounteous heaven
On mortal pours, to thee be given
 Until we meet again.

May friendly hearts responsive beat,
And friendly bosoms once more meet,
 Upon thy native shore ;
And friendships, formed in youth's gay prime,
Be found to bloom, unmarred by time,
 E'en flourish more and more.

Farewell, my friends ! once more farewell !
My feelings are too full to tell
 All that I would impart ;
The hidden motions of the breast
From genial impulse must be guest—
 Such only reads the heart.

VISION OF COLUMBUS.

Wrapped in the arms of sleep, Columbus lay
'Neath a cool grot upon a beetling shore.
Ah! who could then divine the visioned dream
That beamed, that day, upon his giant mind?
All seemed the phantom of a 'wilder'd brain.
He dreamed of other worlds than where he lay.
He saw, beyond the western main, a land
Rich in the gifts of nature. Pearly streams,
And verdant fields, with valley, hill and lawn,
Mountain and flood passed him in quick succession.
The variegated landscape was o'er-arched
With sky ethereal, where not e'en a cloud
Cast a dim shade to mar the pure serene.
Would the Creator give no hand to till
A paradise so fair?—or was there none
To share those blessings graciously conferred?
Not so. The rustic cot and latticed fence
That bound the sole dominion of its lord,
The arbor and the vine that formed the shade,
Shone there conspicuous; and the lowly pair,
Ambitious not of glory or renown,
Moved through the glorious vision, and inspired
The mighty dreamer to his destined course.

Such was the glimpse obscure that first conveyed
To the bold spirit, now to slumber given,
That there was still a world beyond the main
Unknown to erudition's lettered page.

GRAVE OF ANDRE.

“The warrior's arm
Lies nerveless on the pillow of its shame ;
Hushed is the stormy voice, and quenched the blaze
Of his red eye ball.”

KIRKE WHITE.

Stop, traveler, stop and drop a tear ;
Breathe on this spot the requiem sigh :
These tributes grant to André's bier—
André the virtuous, though the spy.

No monument of polished art,
Of weeping angels marks the spot,
No sculptured trophies here impart
His deeds, and say : “ Forget me not.”

No chaplet circles round his head,
But what the mourning cypress forms ;
No dirge is chaunted o'er his bed,
But what the howling wind performs.

Save the lone cypress' sombre gloom,
Save the fair lilies scattered round,
Save the blue violet's rich perfume,
The willow's shade, the moss-grown mound,

No other tombs his ashes grace,
No other incense reach the skies—
These, these alone, now mark the place
Where the lamented André lies.

Farewell, brave youth!—thy country's cause
A willing victim found in thee:
Thy monument is—honor's laws—
To thee the grave is—victory.

What, though in foreign realms you lie,
Far from thine own, thy native land?
What, though no mother closed thine eye,
No weeping sister prest thy hand?

Here will the morn her tears bestow,
The evening dews will weep the brave,
The pensive traveler's tears will flow,
And moist the gallant André's grave.

Here will the rising orb of day
 A constant visitant e'er be ;
 At evening, with his setting ray,
 He 'll take a parting look at thee.

Nor will the moon her beams deny
 To linger o'er this little mound—
 To cheer the traveller passing by,
 Who turns to view the hallowed ground.

And if a pensive bard desires
 To wake his harp to night's dull ear,
 Nor will the stars or wandering fires
 Refuse the mourning dirge to hear.

E'en will Columbia's sons forgive
 The guiltless crime that mars thy fame ;
 And can the generous Briton live
 Who must not venerate thy name ?

ON SEEING THE AMERICAN COAST.

Hail, Columbia, great and glorious !
 Thee, with joyous hearts, we hail !
 To thy shores, thus stretched before us,
 We approach with swelling sail.

We, through great and many dangers
On the vast Atlantic wave,
Seek in thee, a land of strangers,
A home, a country and a grave.

Freedom takes thy fair dominion
Under her peculiar care ;
Man can here express opinion,
Here his secret thoughts declare.

Virtue, seeking here protection,
Sanctuary finds in thee ;
This is freedom in perfection—
That, the fairest liberty.

Still we feel a palpitation
Strike the heart with many a throe,
Painting, in anticipation,
Scenes of weal or scenes of woe.

Still we cast a look behind us
On scenes we ever must forego,
Finding friendship's chains to bind us
Close and closer as we go.

LOSS OF THE PRESIDENT.*

“Poor souls, they have all perished.”—THE TEMPEST.

Where are the young, the lovely and the brave ?
 Ask of the mountain billows of the wave.
 Ask of the raging tempests in their ire—
 Ask of the all-devouring flames of fire.

Tell, mighty ocean, (for 'tis thou alone
 Can'st tell,) where those bold spirits now are gone,
 Who ventured, on thy bosom, far away ?
 Speak ! vasty deep, oh, speak ! Where, where are they ?

Where is the gallant youth whose ancient name
 Was erst enrolled upon the lists of fame ?
 'The Lenox line : for glory oft he sighed,
 Far, far from glory's field the hero died.†

And is that reverend pastor now no more,
 Who meekly e'er his master's honors wore ?
 He dealt salvation to a 'nighted land.
 Where is he now ? Blanched on a foreign strand.‡

* The steamer President left New York, March 10th, 1841, and was never heard of more.

† Lord Fitzroy Lenox, son of the Duke of Richmond.

‡ Rev. Mr. Cookman, of Washington.

Where is the wit who Thalia's chaplet bore,
Who wont to set the table in a roar?
Who mirth's gay reign in every clime restored
Whene'er he sparkled at the social board.*

Where are the happy bridegrooms, who, that day,
Led their fair brides? Where are they, ocean, say?
Ask of the winds; alas! they well can tell.
Mid rocks, in crystal caves, 'neath coral cell,
With the lone mermaid silently they dwell.†

Where is the mother, where the playful child,
Whom favoring zephyrs fatally beguiled
To tempt the dangers of the faithless deep?
Tell where the young and lovely thou dost keep,
Locked in the arms of everlasting sleep?

Where is the gallant crew, whose fearless hearts
E'en courage to the trembling breast imparts?
Defiance seemed to sparkle in each eye.
Where are they now? In ocean's depths they lie.

Was it the vivid lightning's flash that hurled
The bold adventurers from this nether world?
Or did the mighty thunder onward peal,
And thus their destiny for ever seal?

* Mr. Tyrone Power, Comedian.

† Several bridal parties were on board.

Mayhap the glowing furnace wrapped in flames
'Those who have left on earth but by-gone names.
Say did the curling volumes quick consume
Age in its wisdom, beauty in its bloom ?

Was it the tempest ? was it potent steam,
That firstly waked the slumberers from a dream ;
Painting in glowing colors, heavenly bright,
Visions now realized in realms of light ?

Say, was it one, or all, O mighty sea ?
Say, for these things alone are known to thee.
Still do thy waves roll on from day to day,
But thy sad victims, ocean, where are they ?

Tell, vasty flood ('tis only thou alone
Can'st tell,) where these bold spirits now are gone ?
They trusted to thy waters far away.
Speak, mighty ocean, speak ! Oh, where are they ?

HUMAN LIFE.

How sad it is to think
That we so soon must die.
Scarce do we of life's waters drink
Ere the small font is dry.

Friendship and love divine
Pass as the April shower,
When crystal drops in sunbeams shine
And spangle every flower.

The mighty powers of mind
Are as a fleeting dream,
Nor leaving more a trace behind
Than murmurs from a stream.

The path our footsteps trod
Will know the sound no more,
Nor will that pulse emit one throb
That beat so quick before.

'Tis ever thus with man,
His life 's a transient day,
A passing hour, a short-lived span,
The sparkling of a ray.

L O V E .

(FROM ROUSSEAU.)

Mark that child whose dimpling cheek
Deeds of mischief loud bespeak.
Ever clad in simple guise,
He deceives the keenest eyes.
Now, as if o'ercome by fear,
He betrays the silent tear ;
Now displaying bolder mien,
A lustful tyrant he is seen.
Hate and friendship, in their turns,
E'er within his bosom burns.
All the passions he 'll portray
In the compass of a day.
Such is Love. Shun not the boy,
He brings bliss without alloy.

T I M E .

(FROM ROUSSEAU.)

See old Time, on rapid wing,
Fleeter flies than any thing.
Time—the only image he
Of a vast eternity.

Deeds of darkness he 'll disclose,
Then consign them to repose.
Seeing all things he creates
Entering on their various fates.
Mortal, when 'tis in thy power,
Improve Time's fleeting, varying hour.

REASON.

(FROM VOLTAIRE.)

Reason is, to mortal man,
Guide of every human plan.
All he sees and all he hears,
From his fair infantile years,
Proves that even virtue's sighs
Are holier than what vice can prize.
In her path alone is found
All that 's lovely, all that 's sound.
Every other pleasure here
Is composed of hope and fear.
But with this all-potent shield
Nought can make the hero yield.
As a solid rock, he braves
Life's tempestuous storms and waves.

RURAL RETIREMENT.

(FROM LA FONTAINE.)

Sweet Retirement! charm divine!
Be thy blessings ever mine.
Guiding still my wandering feet
To some silent calm retreat,
Where, in converse with the nine,
To heaven's behest I'd all resign.

Far removed from busy towns,
And the threats of great men's frowns,
Let me study Nature's laws—
Looking to the great first cause—
Mid verdant meads and crystal rills,
Flowering banks and moss-grown hills.

May heaven soon grant me such a life,
Ever tranquil, free from strife.
And when death comes—if soon or late—
Resigned in will, I'll meet my fate;
Entering on that joyous rest,
Inherited by all the blest.

DESTINY.

(FROM VOLTAIRE.)

All things bow to sovereign fate,
Living in a mortal state :
He distributes, from full hand,
Good and evil round the land.
A mighty volume he unfolds,
Each man's destiny beholds ;
There he views our vain desires,
Pleasures which the heart requires.
Gracious liberty is found
In unsullied fetters bound,
But a Providence all-wise
Marks these things with equal eyes.
Bound submissive to his will,
Are they e'er discovered still ;
E'en to him proud fate must bend,
From beginning to the end.

TO THE SPIRIT OF THE DEEP.

"Hark ! 'tis the rushing of a wind that sweeps
Earth and the ocean. See ! the lightning's yawn
Deluging heaven with fire, and the lashed deeps
Glitter and boil beneath !"

SHELLEY.

Spirit of the midnight deep,
Can'st thou never rest in sleep ?
Do thy waters evermore
Thus, in raging billows, roar ?
Rocks and mountains rent asunder,
Lightning, tempest, rain and thunder,
Nature blending sea and sky
Are thy only lullaby.

Spirit of the midnight deep,
Wilt thou ever vigils keep ?
Did thy eyelids seek repose
Since mid nature's works you rose ?
Co-existent with the earth,
Darkness ruling at thy birth,
Raging flood and mingling storm,
All the elements perform.

Spirit of the midnight deep,
Myriads in thy palace sleep.
Eyes that late a lustre shed,
Dolphins at their revels fed.
Bosoms beating once for praise,
Monsters feast on festive days.
Blighted hopes and love divine,
Spirit of the deep, are thine.

Spirit of the midnight deep,
Sad the harvest thou dost reap ;
Lovers clasped in death's embrace,
Mothers with their infant race,
Friends, adversity has tried,
Still reposing side by side ;
Even thy cold heart must weep,
Spirit of the midnight deep.

Spirit of the deep, the board
The vassal spread to greet his lord,
Is now removed—no lord was nigh—
Ah ! what availed the tear, the sigh ?
The wife, the child, the friend—in vain
Expect the loved one back again.
Thy dark waves above him sweep,
Spirit of the midnight deep.

“ Spirit of the deep, arise !”
Th’ archangel’s voice in thunder cries.
“ Give up your dead, ye seas, restore”—
The word was past from shore to shore.
Souls, in life, to virtue given,
Destined to a throne in heaven,
Even thy proud self can’t keep,
Spirit of the midnight deep.

TO DIANA.

(FROM HORACE.)

Virgin of the woods and plains,
Thrice invoked—oh, hear !
Banish all the griefs and pains
The youthful bride may fear.

The verdant pine my cot shades o’er,
To thee shall sacred be,
And, each returning year, a boar
I’ll sacrifice to thee.

TO A SLAVE.

(FROM HORACE.)

Boy, Persian odors I detest,
Bring not the linden tree,
'The simple myrtle I love best,
Becoming thee and me.

Thee, as a servant, it will grace,
And me, as I recline,
To quaff the goblet that you place
Beneath the mantling vine.

FAREWELL TO MY HARP.

"This final effort of my feeble muse,
How justly titled. Nor for me alone,
For all that read. What spirit of support,
What heights of consolation crown my song."

YOUNG.

My Minstrel Harp, that erst has hung
Neglected on the mouldering wall;
Long, long, in silence, lain unstrung,
Enveloped in funereal pall.

Fain would I wake thy strains once more
To sing a parting dirge to thee;
But ah! what art can e'er restore
The sweetness of thy melody?

My Minstrel Harp, whose magic power
To woe a sovereign balm did bring,
Beguiled me many a tedious hour
And robbed affliction of its sting:
When in the cheerful hour of joy
Gay pleasure held her proud domain,
'Thou mad'st that bliss without alloy,
And doubly blest her festive reign.

My Minstrel Harp, we now shall part,
And other bards must wake thy strings;
Still, still thou 'rt dear unto this heart,
And all thy strains fond memory brings.
Oft will my wandering fancy tell
Of the loved scenes of other days,
When o'er my heart you cast a spell
Unknown to all—save thy sweet lays.







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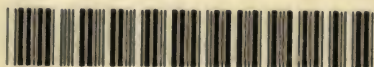
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